

# Butterfly Kisses

by Liz Potter

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## 1. Default Chapter Title

>Butterfly Kisses<br>  
>Disclaimer: I don't own any of this, I don't know ne of these peeps, and this is FICTION!<br>  
>\*\*Chapter 1\*\*<br>  
><br> Hermione Granger sat on the side of the pond with her back propped up against a shady oak tree. She watched the butterflies dance around her. How she longed to be a little girl again, one that didn't have to worry about school work and taking to many classes. She remembered how she used to catch butterflies and ladybugs and keep them in a little bug catching case. She also remembered how she used to sail toy boats across little ponds and play with rubber duckies in the bathtub. But all that was gone now that she was back in school. Hermione loved school, but she would much rather be out with Harry and Ron. While Ron and Harry were out practicing Quidditch or playing other games, she would be up for countless hours doing homework. She was seriously thinking about quitting some of her classes. But, there was no way that she ever could. She was Hermione Granger, and every person that had ever known her had expected her to do more than was required. She wondered how long she could keep up like this. All of a sudden, she heard the familiar voices of Ron Weasley and Harry Potter. Apparently, they were having a very private talk, and did not want to be disturbed. Knowing that she shouldn't, she crouched behind her tree and eavesdropped.  
> <br> "â€|.Should I ask her out is the question though, Ron. I mean I like her a ton, but I also like that other girl that plays Quidditch against me."  
><br> "Well, if you don't ask her out, I sure will. She sure has gotten cute now that she has braces and her teeth are finally getting straight. She also now takes better care of herself, and she finally trashed her glasses. Don't get me wrong though, I like glasses, just not on her."

><br> "I think I'll ask her to the beginning~of~the~year Gryffindor party. She would love that!" Hermione crossed her fingers, hoping they were talking about her. She Harry had been her crush secretly for over a year, and she also thought that Ron was pretty hot. She waited until they had left to go back up to the Gryffindor rooms.

><br> \*\*Chapter 2\*\*

><br> Dear Journal,

> I just do not know what to do. I'm scared that Harry will get mad if I ask Hermione out because he likes her so much, but I like her, too. He already kind of has dibs on her, but he only said he was going to ask her to the party. After the party, or maybe during, I could ask Hermione for a dance or ask her out. I am so confused. Maybe I should just let Harry ask her out. Who knows? Maybe she'll ask me to the party! It's only 5 days away! <br>

> Wish Me Luck!<br>

> Ron<br>

> Little did Ron, Harry and Hermione herself know that someone else was already planning to ask Hermione to the Slytherin party, and they were planning to ask her out, the next morning!<br>

> \*\*Chapter 3\*\*<br>

> "Hey Hermione!" an familiar, hated voice called from behind her.<br>

> "What do you want Draco?" She said this with such hatred and coldness, she actually felt guilty saying this, even if it was to Draco Malfoy.<br>

> "Ummâ€¦. I-I-I-I was kinda wondering if ya knowâ€¦ ummmâ€¦ if you would c-c-consider going t-t-to the ummâ€¦. S-S-Slytherin party with me?" He sounded so sweet and so scared. Hermione didn't know what to say.<br>

> "I guess," she replied, but she felt awful about it. She didn't want to go with Draco, she wanted to go with Harry! "But only if you will come to the Gryffindor party because I want to be around Ron and Harry, too."<br>

> "Whatever you say, Princess."<br>

> "Don't call me Princess, my name is Hermione. Goodbye!"<br>

><br>â€¦Later That Dayâ€¦ Eating Dinnerâ€¦

><br>"Hermione, I need to talk to you," Harry quietly said and pulled Hermione over to the corner of the room.

><br> "OKâ€¦"

> "Well, I like you a lot, and I was wondering if you would go to the party with me."<br>

> "Harry Potter! Why didn't you ask me earlier? I already told Draco I would go with him because I was rude to him and felt bad. Harry, I have liked you for forever, and I heard your and Ron's conversation yesterday. I wish you would've gone ahead and asked me!"<br>

> "Hermione! How can you go with a jerk like that?"<br>

> "I'll ask him if I can dance with you, too!"<br>

> "No, I want you to tell him you can't go! Or I will be mad at you forever!"<br>

> "I'm not calling it off! That's so rude!" with these last words, Hermione stormed off without dinner.<br>

><br> "I'm guessing it didn't go so well, huh?"

><br> "I don't want to talk about it."

><br> "Come on, tell me Harry."

><br> "Fine. She's VERY mad at me because I want her to go with me instead of Draco."

><br> "She's going with Draco?!"

><br> "Yes. End of discussion. You can talk about it to her."

><br>Later:  
><br> "Hey Hermione! Wait up!" Ron yelled up the hall to his friend. Ron had left dinner as soon as he had found out about Draco.  
> <br> Hermione slowly turned around. "What do you want? If this is about the dance, I don't want to hear it."  
><br> "But, Hermione, I just wondered why you were going with him. C'mon, you can tell me!"  
> <br> Hermione breathed deeply and lied through gritted teeth, "Maybe it's because I like him!" With that she stormed up to her room. Ron stood there in a state of shock.  
><br>  
><br>TO BE CONTINUED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
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## 2. Default Chapter Title

>Butterfly Kisses Part 2<br>  
>Liz Potter<br>  
>Disclaimer: I don't own any thing, don't know any one, pure fiction.<br>  
>Chapter 4<br>  
> After Hermione had stormed up to her room, Ron had run back downstairs to tell Harry.<br> "Harry Potter! She likes Draco! How can she like him?"  
> <br> "I'm sure it was just a misunderstanding," Harry replied, but he had trouble believing himself. He had so much to think about. He was overwhelmed by the fact that Hermione was one of his best friends, and she was going to the dance with Draco, his worst enemy. Harry couldn't handle it anymore. He went upstairs to apologize, but found  
>Hermione's door locked.<br>  
> "Hermi, let me in. I need to talk to you."<br>  
> "No," Hermione said through muffled sobs, "Harry, I just don't know what to do. I know that you and Ron both like me because I eavesdropped on your conversation by the tree. I like you, too. But, I already told Draco I would go with him. Just as friends."<br>  
> "Well, would you at least dance with me?" <br>  
> "Of course." Hermione opened her door to Harry and allowed him to enter. Harry leaned over cautiously and planted a kiss on Hermione's cheek. Hermione and Harry both blushed a deep shade of crimson.<br>  
> "Harry, you're so sweet. But, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go to bed now."<br>  
> "Good night Hermione, I love you."<br>  
> "Love you, too." With this, Hermione shut the door.<br>  
>Chapter 5<br>\*\*\*The next morning\*\*  
><br>  
> "Hey Ron!" Harry called to one of his best friends. <br>  
> "Hi Harry." Ron sounded upset about something, and Harry was determined to find out.<br>  
> "What's wrong?"<br>  
> "Nothin'."<br>  
> "Tell me, Ron! Please! C'mon, man, you can trust me!"<br>  
> "No!" Ron stormed away, up to the dorm, and locked Harry out. He collapsed onto his bed and let the icy hot tears come. He couldn't believe it. How could that have happened? He had just been in a fight with Fred and George. He had punched Fred, and Fred had punched him

back. Professor McGonagall had seen Fred's punch, but not Ron's. Fred was not suspended from Hogwarts, and would be held back a year. Now, Fred hated Ron more than anyone or anything, and it was all Ron's fault. Ron just wanted to die. <br>

>Chapter 6<br>

> Ever since Hermione had found out that Harry liked her, she had become obsessed with following him, watching him, talking to him, everything. Harry was beginning to have mixed feelings about Hermione because she had become kind of annoying with the way she was always following him and staring at him. He also didn't know if he should like her because Ron also had a crush on her, and something was very wrong with him. Harry sat alone in the commons room, everyone else was out studying or sleeping. All of a sudden, a huge pile of ash fell from the fireplace. Harry coughed, and shooed the dust away so that he could see. <br>

> "Ha~Ha! We finally meet again!" Harry recognized the evil voice. It could belong to no one but Voldemort himself. A pang of fear shot through him. Harry wanted to scream, to run, anything, but he was too scared to move. His scar was sending lightning bolts of pain through him.<br>

> "NO!!! Anyone but you!" Harry managed to squeak. Ron raised his head. He thought he heard something, but he wasn't sure. He slowly raised himself up, and went to the sink to rinse off his face. He didn't want anyone to know that he had been crying. Little did he know that Harry needed him now.<br>

> "H-h-how did y-y-you get here?"<br>

> "I have my ways." Voldemort laughed that laugh, a horrible laugh that scared Harry even more. Ron came bounding down the stairs and opened the door. Ron gasped.<br>

> "Ron! Go back up, or go get help! FAST!"<br>

> "O-o-ok. I'll hurry Harry!"<br>

> "I'm afraid that it could be too late by the time you get back," Voldemort sneered. At this, Ron's face went completely white. He ran out the door and went straight to the first person that came to his mind- Snape.<br>

><br>

><br>TO BE CONTINUED!

End  
file.